

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

Vol. II.—No. 3.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday June 6, 1891.

Subscription, \$2 a Year

Charles B. Moore
Editor

A BLOOMING FARCE.

THE MANNER IN WHICH ELECTIONS ARE RUN IN LEXINGTON.

Illustrated in the Circuit Court in the Trial of Messrs. Saffarans and Roberts—A Sweet-Scented State of Affairs—The Jury Rendered a Verdict of Acquittal in Two Minutes.

The farcical character of the elections held in Lexington was never better illustrated than in the trial to-day of D. B. Saffarans and Charles Roberts for frauds in Duck's precinct at the last August election, when John J. Sullivan was counted in over Letcher Lashby for City Marshal.

Dan Saffarans was Sheriff and Chas. Roberts a Judge at this election and were tried together, William McNamara, clerk, and Dan Scott, the other Judge, acting for separate trials.

Messrs. Wellington Payne, B. P. Carpenter, E. B. Hayman, W. E. Hibler, and L. B. Young swore upon the stand that they did not vote for Sullivan; that they did not know he was a candidate, and that his name was not on the tally sheet when they voted.

The tally sheet, signed and certified to under the oaths of the defendants as officers of election, was offered in evidence, and showed that all of these gentlemen were recorded as voting for John J. Sullivan for City Marshal.

Dan Scott and Dan Saffarans testified that B. J. Welch, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, called at the voting place about 10 o'clock on the day of the election and instructed the officers to place the name of John J. Sullivan on the tally sheet for City Marshal.

The polls had been open long enough for the clerk to fill about one page with the names of voters, none of whom were recorded as voting for any candidate for City Marshal.

After the trial, according to the testimony of Saffarans and Roberts, Mr. Welch returned, and pointing to the first page of names said in substance: "Boys, fill up that page for Sullivan, and make him equal with the Democratic ticket."

William McNamara, the clerk, was put on the stand, but he could not remember anything about the election. He did not even know whether it was in August. He did not remember whether Sullivan's name was put on before or after the polls opened, and could not tell the jury by what authority men were recorded as voting for Sullivan who did not know he was a candidate, and who would have taken great pleasure in voting against him had they been consulted.

The poll-books were shown him and headed with Messrs. Payne, Young, Carpenter, Hibler and Hayman were recorded in his handwriting as voting for Sullivan for City Marshal, although these men testified on oath that they did not so vote.

Mr. Roberts, one of the defendants, testified that he had never acted as Judge before; that he had been forced to serve against his will, and that he signed the poll-book in good faith without examining it to see if the clerk had properly recorded the votes. He said he had not taken any part in falsifying the record, and had signed the sheet as a matter of form, supposing everything was all right. He had heard Mr. Welch give his instructions, but said he did not know that the clerk had committed any fraud.

Mr. Saffarans said he had been acting as an officer of elections for twenty-five years, and had never known of a case of a Judge or Sheriff examining the poll-books to see whether everything was all right before signing and certifying to the record.

E. B. Hayman testified that as he went to vote Mr. Saffarans said: "Come in, we've got some good Democrats for you to vote for." "I went inside," said Mr. Hayman, "and looked over the book to see who were running. I indicated who I wanted to vote for, and Mr. Sullivan's name was not on the tally-sheet, and was not voted for by me."

McNamara, on cross-examination by Judge Jewell, said he supposed when the chairman of the Democratic Central Committee ordered him to put Sullivan's name on the ticket he thought that was enough authority for recording all Democrats for him.

Mr. Watts Parker, in his statement to the jury for the defense, contended that the officers of election had intended no fraud in carrying out the order of Mr. Welch to run Sullivan even with the Democratic ticket. He said that the Judges had committed no crime in permitting the clerk to enter up all the Democrats as voting for Sullivan; especially as there was but one candidate running at the time. He admitted that the conduct of the officers was technically wrong, but

denied that any criminal act had been committed.

If there is no wrong in deliberately falsifying the record of an election when but one candidate is running, why not do away with general elections and authorize the Democratic Committee to carry out the will of the Democratic primaries and declare who are elected.

Messrs. Jewell and Parker claimed in substance that no great harm was done in taking it for granted that men voting the straight Democratic ticket would have voted for Sullivan, and so recording them without authority.

Conceding this remarkable claim, how do the able attorneys justify Clerk McNamara for recording and the Judges for permitting him to record Republicans like E. B. Hayman and B. P. Carpenter, and a Prohibitionist like W. E. Hibler for Sullivan?

In the case of Mr. Hibler the outrage was more inexcusable than in the other cases, as the claim cannot be made that his vote was entered for Sullivan in the haste of recording him for other candidates.

As a matter of fact, he expressly stated that he did not want to vote on anything but the tripartite question, and yet he is recorded by Clerk McNamara as voting for John J. Sullivan.

Colonel John R. Allen, who conducted the prosecution, submitted the case without argument, and the defense did likewise.

The jury, after an absence of two minutes, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Colonel Allen, in view of the failure to convict Saffarans and Roberts, moved that the cases against McNamara and Scott be filed away.

Judge Morton announced that he would take the matter under advisement.

Good citizens of all political parties have been watching for the trial of these cases with much interest, and hope that every man concerned in the notorious election frauds of last August will be prosecuted "to a finish."

The testimony offered to-day in the cases against Saffarans and Roberts proved that they made no effort to prevent frauds, but it was not nearly so conclusive as against William McNamara, the clerk, who admits recording the fraudulent votes.

A vigorous prosecution of every case might result in sending a few election officers to the penitentiary, and the honest people of Lexington hope that no efforts will be spared to bring every offender to a speedy trial.

In the interest of justice, Colonel Allen ought to withdraw his motion to file away. As matters stand the Colonel may not be able to secure any convictions, but he can by a determined prosecution of every indicted officer check the tendency to election crimes.

What A Lexington man says About Liquor in Florida.

Mr. B. F. Williams, one of the prominent citizens of this city is a total abstainer and a good friend to the Blade. He spent last winter in extreme Southern Florida and was telling me the other day about the liquor drinking sentiment down there.

He is fond of fishing and spent a good part of his time at that sport.

He says the first day he went fishing he caught a great quantity of bass and speckled trout such as we prize so highly here.

He came back to his hotel and sent a negro for them with a wheelbarrow. They used all of his fish to make coconut trees, and ate tarpon that they thought much better. (He is not a fish liar.) He said he noticed that in the town where he was staying and where his hotel was "four times as big as the Phoenix Hotel here" he never saw a saloon, and never saw a man drink and never saw, or heard, a case of any kind of disorder.

He said that just to see if there was any arrangement for getting any whiskey in the town, he went to the hotel clerk and asked him where he could get some. The clerk told him of a certain house in the city that had rooms in its basement, and said that if he would go to room No. 7 in that basement he thought a rather elderly gentleman, as Mr. Williams was, could get it. He did not go to see.

Another Lexington man, one of our good citizens, had gone to Florida with him, and with the usual Kentucky forethought, that guards against rattle-snake bites, regardless of the direction or season of the year in which he goes, had taken along a quart.

Mr. Williams asked him if he could give him a drink. He said yes, but that he was nearly out, and had not been able to get his flask filled anywhere down there.

Mr. Williams then met a professional deer hunter, from whom, by the way, he could buy a nice deer for a dollar. He asked this hunter if he could give him a drink of whiskey, or tell him where he could get some. The hunter could not do either. Isn't there danger of rattle-snake bites here?

asked Mr. Williams. "Yes, they kill my dogs sometimes" said the hunter. "What do you do for rattle-snake bites here?" "Why, we use chlorate of potash, and wear thick leggings like these," said the hunter.

Here in Kentucky we have a way of saying that in the North where the people are fish-blooded, and phlegmatic they do not incline to stimulants, but that the warm, generous, impulsive, whole-souled nature of the true Southern makes it just as natural for him to drink liquor as it is for a duck to go barefooted. But the fact is that while Kentucky is only separated by a river from these Northern cold bloods, Florida is the extreme limit of the South.

The explanation is that it is simply a lack of brains and proper home training among our people, that makes them want liquor.

The aristocratic young sap heads of our cities drink whisky because they think it is smart, and because they do not know enough to entertain themselves intellectually, and the country boys do it because they think the town boys know it all.

There's many a young man about here who drinks whisky as a cloak for his ignorance and stupidity.

He has found out his lack of brains and education and uses whisky simply to disguise the fact, by trying to convey the impression that he would be a genius if he did not have the fashionable failing of tony society.

It is here just as it is elsewhere. When a young man has been properly reared, and has proper appreciation of what constitutes the dignity of manhood, he is, in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky, just what such men are elsewhere, and is living a moral life, and does not regard the drinking of whisky as the proper thing for him.

When the respectable and intelligent country element of our people who have no reason to fear the saloon and distillery boycott, assert the dignity of their family standing and self respect, and crush out this whisky drinking element that has charge of the politics of this state, it will be just like it is in Florida. If men here retain their fear of snakes, either of the literal or jim-jam variety, they will find that chlorate of potash is as effective as whisky, and the corresponding sanitizing, sky scraping flights of Kentucky genius, it will be found, can slake its thirst at the natural fountains of the earth, as the greatest heroes of antiquity have done, and the greatest of modern thinkers are doing, and it will not be found necessary to fill up on Kentucky brandy in order to show the immense difference between the 47 percent high protective tariff of the Republicans and the 42 percent of low tariff for revenue only, of the Democrats.

There is one advantage however to the Democrats in having both the Democratic orator and his audience pretty well filled with whisky, that even as a defendant of Prohibition I am bound to admit; and that is that no thoroughly sober man can see any difference between the Democrats and the Republicans.

The greatest issue before the people is the liquor question, involving more of finance and political competency and integrity than all other issues put together, and the two old parties are perfectly agreed upon that, the only difference being that the Democrats are honest enough to admit their devotion to the liquor traffic, while the Republicans deny it, and lie about it.

The next in importance is the tariff question. On this point they are so near together that the difference is merely nominal. The most advanced thought of the country is against any tariff and it is forcing the Republicans down and down, while the Democrats, who really want free trade and have not the courage to say it, are simply heading off the Republicans by keeping just so far below them as will keep the Republicans from cutting under them, while the Democrats will keep just a little nearer to the people, as the last Congressional election showed, by keeping just a little closer to free trade.

There is no sentiment about this; it is simply a fact that a "protective tariff" is for the benefit of the "upper ten" while free trade is for the lower million, and of course the masses are going to vote to suit themselves, which is free trade, or the nearest to it that they can get.

The thing that the people are getting to understand is that a tariff is a protective tariff, and that it is only more or less protective as it is high or low.

You hear the Democrats clamoring for a tariff which is for revenue only, and with the power in their hands, they have decided

that 42 per cent, say, is the general average of duty on imports that is necessary to raise the revenue for the government.

But if the Republicans should reduce it to 40 per cent, you would at once find that the Democrats would drop to 35 per cent, and so on down, the Democrats declaring for free trade whenever the Republicans reduced the tariff to 5 per cent.

The word "protective" simply refers to the protection of the great Northern capitalists and manufacturers, and "free trade" means that a man shall be free to go into the marts and markets of the world, and spend his money where he can get the most and best for it, which, it seems to me, ought to be just as truly one of the inalienable rights of a free citizen as that of life, liberty, the possession of property or the pursuit of happiness.

Ex-Governor John P. St. John, who will almost certainly be the next Prohibition candidate for the Presidency, is now speaking throughout the United States and advocates free trade.

So that the only perfection of the only laudable principle in Democracy is found in the Prohibition party.

"What's the Matter Anyhow?"

CHICAGO, ILL., May 26, '91.

Dear Bro:

The Blade of last Saturday (23rd) has not yet been received, please send me a copy and oblige Yours &c,

R. H. SMITH,

1515 W. Wabash Avenue

P. S. What's the matter anyhow? Paper never gets here until the middle of the following week, and sometimes not at all.

Stir up P. O. Authorities please.

What's the matter with your old shenanigan, Bro. Howard?

If you don't run that thing right, and stop this kicking, you can't get to be mail carrier when we Prohibitionists get charge of things.

We are going to have women to run that office and we won't have any of this kind of racket.

"Could Almost see the Shining Shore"

812 W. MARKET ST., RICHMOND, VA., May 26, 1891.

Dear Moore:

What's the matter? The last Blade that came to my address is dated May 9. Please send me May 16 and 23. Don't overlook my name again, for I enjoy reading your articles.

I have been sick for four weeks, and have been deprived of the pleasure of reading anything until yesterday.

My brother and I have been down to the parting of the waters. We could almost see the shining shore. We could almost hear the angels sing.

We are getting well. God has a good work for us to do. Oh, it is a grand and glorious thing to be a Christian.

God bless you.

Yours truly,

L. A. CUTLER.

"Consecrated" Ladies in Dog Fennel.

One of the "sanctification" preachers held a distracted meeting in Dog Fennel not long ago, and he has lately alluded to two of our Dog Fennel matrons as "consecrated women."

One of them we all recognize as being as "consecrated" as the dickens, but in the case of the other one, the natives say they can't see it, and it has afforded our ladies some amusement at her expense.

He Believes the Blade Will Strengthen the Churches.

HINTON, KY., May 26, 1891.

Mr. Charles C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Please find inclosed \$1.00 for which you may continue to send me the Blade one year. As I am a poor man you may put me on that list.

I appreciate your valuable paper very much and think it will advance the cause of Prohibition and also strengthen the churches.

I hope it will be the means of bringing the many Pharisees that are in the churches at the present day down to a more humble position.

Wishing you and the Blade success, I remain

Yours very truly,

JAMES H. RAWLINS.

Morals From "The Worker"—(Prohibition) Centerville, Kentucky.

We hold that Moore of The Blue Grass Blade has, and is, demonstrating to the world that a radical change is going on in the Blue grass region. Expectation was in tip-toe that he would have been rotten-egged, cowhided, pistolled or knifed if not killed long before now for his fearless plainness of speech. Now such expectations have gone to sleep and could not be aroused to take such a bet with big odds.

The Blade is having a time proving that the Somerset Reporter is not a Prohibition paper. The difficulty is not simply "in affirming a negative" but it is a clear case of Blade vs. Blade. The Voice copied a paragraph from the Blade stating that there were four other Prohibition papers in Kentucky. The Blade recopies and denies that the Reporter is one. The Worker is appealed to to inspire the game. Here's our decision. As the Blade has affirmed both sides of the question we will call it a draw" so far as The Blade is concerned. But from the Reporter's pages of several issues we have received, we concluded that it is not doing much at the business. In fact it claims to be and is simply a good county paper, non partisan, while its editor personally is a Prohibitionist.

We have left the Worker, the Southern Journal and the Blade; but the greatest of these is the third. Wouldn't fill it up for a spring chicken.

The National Committee has persuaded The Blade to engage regularly its patent Prohibition matter. We wondered how Moore would solve the problem for he now hasn't elbow room for his own pen in its pages. He edits it like Harper run his race horse, "from end to end." The man or woman is highly favored who gets anything in it except an advertisement. But Bro. Neal is equal to the emergency. He simply makes the Blade bigger. If they double up patent matter he will make it, no doubt still bigger. If we remember aright, he once ran the biggest paper in Kentucky at Midway. But he has outgrown it. We can skip the patent matter and have as much more as of yore.

Wouldn't I be glad if that last sentence in that first item were true.

The second item appears in The Worker under the head "Three Strikes and out." I am satisfied with his "judgment" between the Reporter and me. He sizes the status up exactly right, only I would have said that a man who can edit a non-partisan paper now is a mighty poor shake for a Prohibitionist. But Bro. Neal is an olive branch man, and I reckon we need a little olive oil on the troubled waters.

About the "patent matter" in the Blade; if Bro. Neal calls the Prohibition news that is furnished by the Prohibition National Executive Committee under the management of Secretary J. Lloyd Thomas, "patent matter," simply because the committee has arranged to send it to papers cheap and in "plate," then it's all right. But I would not like for any one who had never seen the Blade to suppose from Bro. Neal's reference that I had in it any of this three-legged chicken, patent corn crib, meet-me-hy-moonlight-alone stuff.

I wish, by the way that Bro. Neal would enlarge his paper (you will notice that I did not say your "valuable paper," newspaper men are sometimes pretty hard on each other, but they always draw the line at that irony) so as to make it take in the National Committee's "biler plate."

I like his editorials, especially those that give me tuffy and hit a side swipe at the Somerset Reporter.

I've got to kick just a little against that statement of Bro. Neal's that "The man or woman is highly favored who gets anything in it but an advertisement."

I believe he will remember that I have printed a standing invitation to ladies to contribute anything they wanted to write to the Blade, and they have done so, and I believe that in printing them I am supported by many fine people in saying that I have published some of the best articles that ever appeared in any newspaper in Kentucky.

My own nephew who won a prize at a Chautauqua contest last year, a son of Ex-Lieut. Gov. Cantrill, was at my house in the country the other day, and in commenting on the paper said he

"liked those pieces of Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Clark," and then he stopped and didn't have another comment to make on the paper, and I have heard that same racket from so many people that I am sorter getting tired of it, and am thinking about shutting down on those two ladies, and "graduating" them like they do some fine horses that have taken so many premiums that the others will not show against them.

As far as I can now recall I have declined to publish only two original articles sent to me over female signatures.

One of them, I had an intuition was a forgery, being, in reality, from a man, and the other was some of the very nicest and freshest country poetry, so enlogistic of me that my distinguished modesty would not allow me to print it while I live, but I have got it stored away in my literary effects to be stuck on to the end of my obituary if I should die in the Spring time.

As for the man if they have not written in the Blade as long-winded as I have, it's because they broke down in trying to do so, or their paper gave out or something, for they have aired their views on matters and things, just like printer's ink didn't cost any more than this black stuff that they pour down between the bricks in making our new brick streets.

It is a fact however that I have not paid the attention to my advertisement department that my limited exchequer would suggest that I ought to do.

Bro. Neal himself sent me an advertisement two months ago that I have overlooked clear until this day. He told me to insert it and send him the bill, and there was not a word said about special rates to editors.

This was a great compliment too, for it was a nice advertisement; the only kind that can get into the Blade.

So if you see anything advertised in the Blade you had better send and get some of it, for it's all hunky.

To make amends for this dereliction in attending to Bro. Neal's advertising business, the manuscript of which is hopelessly lost in an avalanche of other papers, I will produce it as best I can from memory and it shan't cost you a penny a nickel.

The gist of Bro. Neal's advertisement was that he had two books for sale—one for the body and the other for the soul.

The one for the body is "Hall's Health Pamphlet." I don't know whether you take it internally or rub it on the back of your neck, but there are directions with every bottle, and it's all right or Bro. Neal would not say so.

The book for the soul is "Ancient Unbelievers." It was written by Alexander Campbell, and that settles it.

It takes up Celsus and Porphyry and Julian and Josephus and Tacitus and Suetonius and Pliny and Lucien and Epictetus and all those old heretical snozers, and they knock old Bob Ingersoll higher than a kite; and if somebody would just catch him and hold him and read a few pages of it to him he would be a Methu dist (or Presbyterian I forget which) preacher in a year like his old day was.

Write to Bro. Neal for further particulars.

How the Ladies Kindly Spend the Prohibition Talk.

MIDWAY, MONDAY MAY 25, 1891.

PARIS, KY.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Last week's issue of the B. G. B. has not reached me, much to my regret as a friend visiting me is anxious to see it.

Find enclosed 5cts. for another copy of preceding number.

I never destroy one of your papers, but circulate each copy after reading.

Your witticisms are very telling, and draw attention to the paper from those not specially interested in Prohibition.

I have resolved that at least 52 families besides my own shall read your paper during the year.

Respectfully,

Mrs. WILLIAM MASSIE.

That's all a real sweet and kind note, but the thing in it that gets nearest to my heart is her appreciation of my jokes.

If people only knew how I labor with those jokes I think more of them would have the kindness to laugh at them.

I would rather be a funny man than almost anything.

I would rather be it than be pious even, or almost anything else except rich.

A FEW QUOTATIONS UNDERWEAR.

That will be of interest to you. Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Cotton Vests at 10, 12½, 20 and 25c. Ladies' Lisle Vests at 40 and 50c. An all-silk vest at 65c. Children's Gause Vests from 15 to 50c. Children's Gause Pants from 15 to 50c. Boys' Drawers from 35 to 50c. Men's Gause Shirts from 50 to 75c. Men's Gause Drawers from 50 to 75c.

HOSIERY.

Best 10c Hosiery in the city. We beat the world on 25c first black hose for ladies and children. Better ones at 35, 50 and 75c. A handsome line of Lisle Hosiery for Ladies, gents and children. A splendid set black half hose for 25c.

SWISS FLOUNCINGS.

A brand new stock of new and pretty designs at prices which cannot be duplicated. Misses' Flouncings at 35, 40 to \$1.25. Ladies' Flouncings at 50, 65c, \$1 to \$2. We only ask that you come and see the goods for yourself.

TAYLOR & HAWKINS

The Popular Notion Store, No. 7 W. Main Street.

THOMPSON & BOYD

Manufacturers of

FINE SADDLES & HARNESS,

RACE AND RING EQUIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.

No. 53 EAST MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

20c. THE DAILY COURIER JOURNAL.

THE LOUISVILLE TIMES, 10 CENTS PER WEEK.

Will be delivered at your residence every day for 20c. per week or 25c. per week for Daily and Sunday. Give your order to

J. "HUB" PRATHER, Agent,

130 EAST MAIN STREET.

H. W. ALDENBURG,

ARCHITECT and SUPERINTENDANT.

161 West Main St., LEXINGTON, KY.

ROBERT KENNEDY,

SUCCESSOR TO

KNOXVILLE FURNITURE CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all Kinds of

FURNITURE, CLOCKS, PICTURES, CARPETS Etc.

Goods Sold on Weekly or Monthly Payments

51 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.

Kaufman, Straus & Co.,

12 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Lace and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

Early Spring Woolsen Dress Material. Novelty Suitings, the latest and choicest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below anted anticipation, ranging from 50c. to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettas just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS. Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Gingham, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are priced at 25c.; we have marked them at 25c. per yard. A full line of Dress Gingham, in new designs, estimated to be worth 65c.; our price is 40c.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE. Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c. a pair; worth 25c.

Ladies' Mother Hubbard Hubbard Gown; good muslin, deep trimmed, at 55c.; they are worth 85c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, well hem and tucks above, 25c.; worth 40c.

Ladies' Walking Skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 49c.; worth 75c.

New Spring Blouses for Ladies and Girls. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Blouses, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 25c.; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c.; we still offer them at 40c.

The Kind of a Mayor Lexington Ought to Have.

Washburne, the new Mayor of Chicago, has created a stir in that town. I think he ought to be applauded by every prohibitionist. A fellow named Jim Appleton, a saloon-keeper there, who is a political leader there just as saloon-keepers are political leaders in Lexington, thought he would make a new departure that would astonish the natives; and he did.

Jim had probably done a great deal to elect Washburne, and Wash had promised to reciprocate. Jim, like a genuine saloon-keeper that was, didn't suffer much from diffidence, and he told Wash that he wanted to start a saloon at the corner of Vernon Avenue and Third-street.

That was the very center of the aristocracy of Chicago, and it was about as if a vine or water street man in Lexington should ask Mayor Poushee to allow him to establish a saloon right in the middle of "Silk Stocking Row."

On Short, right by the side of the Northern bank block, or among the aristocracy out on Second street, where the vines climb over the residences of private bankers, and Episcopal rectories, and places of that ilk, or out on the new brick paved Third street among the dignified and orderly Presbyterians and Methodists who praise God on Sunday and vote for whisky on Monday.

Or Jim's location for his saloon in Chicago would, in Lexington, be about like a man had proposed to open a saloon right out in the middle of the new "Queen Anne" homes on East Maxwell, or on North Broadway along beside Hamilton College, or down in Fayette park, or right out in the middle of the embowered residences at Woodland Park, or right in there among the aristocracy on East Main.

You know if a man were to apply to our Lexington Mayor for a saloon license for some where along about the middle of "Silk Stocking Row," he would laugh and cuss him and would not give it to him. The man might argue the case with him, and tell him that a saloon had lately been established on Limestone between Main and Short, contrary to the wishes of all the good people who live there, and they were nearly all good people. But our Mayor would recollect that those Limestone people were people who had to work for their living, and besides that some of them were prohibitionists, and had no political influence, while rich people did the business and owned the property on "Silk Stocking Row," and that was a horse of another color.

Our Mayor would tell you with pride that he was his dinner and his ticket for the next five years, but you would find that he knew which side his bread was buttered on and you would soon see that he recognized a broad difference between the advisability of sticking a saloon right up beside the place of business of a working man on some narrow side street, and putting one beside the brown stone and plate glass front of some big nabob on some fashionable street.

The man that wanted to put a saloon on "Silk Stocking Row" might argue that his personal respectability had been permanently established by the fact that he was an Alderman of the city of Lexington, the "Athens of the West," that the saloon business had been recognized by the government of the United States, by the State of Kentucky, and by the City of Lexington as being as honorable as any business conducted on "Silk Stocking Row." Then the saloon man might say to our Mayor that saloon-keeping was recognized by the city of Lexington as the most respectable and laudable business in the city. This he could easily show from the fact that for years there had been ten times as many saloon-keepers in the city council as any other one profession, and that now it was full of them; while there was not a preacher nor a professor, nor a doctor, nor a lawyer in it. One editor represented all the learned professions in the council, and stood like a sweet scented oasis in a Sahara of saloon-keepers.

All of this our "Uncle Charley" would recognize as true, but the saloon-keeper would not get on "Silk Stocking Row," all the same.

It would not be because that saloon-keeper did not have just as much right to do his business there as he had to run a saloon on Water street, but he would not get there all the same, because "Uncle Charley" would not have the sand in his craw to let that man enjoy his rights as a citizen of Lexington.

That saloon-keeper has as much right to rent a room in the court house and run a saloon in it, as any man in any of those offices has a right to peddle law or real estate there; and if I were a saloon man and a councilman of Lexington, I'll be damned if I would not assert my rights, and not always be stuck around in some little back alley with the doors covered with blinds like I was running a faro bank or making counterfeit nickels.

Saloon-keepers have control of Lexington and yet their business is stuck away in little dark holes like they were thieves.

It is true that a large part of the patrons of saloons prefer it this way because they want to sneak into those places as privately as possible; but if I were a saloon-keeper I would strike for that higher toned class of liquor drinkers who say this is a free country and they don't care who knows that they drink it, and I would strike out like Jim Appleton, of Chicago, and I would have me a daisy saloon right in the middle of "Silk Stocking Row" or I would bust a belly-band trying.

The man that has the boldness to try it will gain the admiration of the best class of drinking people, and the hearty endorsement of the prohibitionists, and though the blade does not usually advertise that business it will give him a good send off without a cent's charge.

You may say that you have some first-class saloons here in hotels that are nice looking business houses, but they lack manly independence, and a man who goes into one feels like there is a kind of a sneak thief arrangement made for him to get into it.

First he can step into the office of the hotel, and if he sees anybody there that he would not like to see him go into a saloon, he can stop at the counter and examine the register to see if a friend he was expecting from New York has arrived. But if the coast seems clear he can start toward the saloon and if he discovers anybody that he had not noticed that he would not want to see him, he can stop at a stand on the way and buy a newspaper or a cigar.

Then further on, as the hallway gets narrower and darker, and the billiard room and the barber shop in case of sudden surprises, or in case the man who wants to get in the saloon is going there for his first time, and his nerve fails him. He can turn in and get his boots or his moustache blacked in the barber shop, and get over his trepidatiousness and gain courage to violate his conscience and the wishes and hopes of his mother.

While this is all very nice for that diffident class of saloon customers, and is an exact and accurate account of how it is arranged at the biggest saloon in Lexington, it seems to me that if I were a saloon frequenter I would not want to have it arranged so that I had to sneak like a setting turkey into the saloon where I was to get my toddy, or "straight." And it seems to me that there are enough of our first-class people who frequent saloons, who have gotten over all that Sunday-school squeamishness about mothers' prayers, and wives' tears, and stuff of that kind, to support at least one saloon in fine style, where a man could walk in like he was not afraid, just like he goes into a dry goods store, or a post office.

This sneak thief way they have of getting a drink here is cowardly and contemptible and disgusting. There is hardly a saloon in any kind of a public place in the city that does not have a cigar stand just inside its door, so that when a fellow is caught going in there, by somebody that he does not want to see him, he can lie out of it by stopping at the cigar stand and be seen lighting a cigar, as the objectionable party passes the door. That's the reason the cigar part of the establishment is so conspicuous.

Washburne and Jim Appleton are right. If the saloon business is just as thoroughly lawful as any other business, as the government, national, state and municipal has decided, a man has a right to put a saloon just anywhere he could put any other kind of a house. You have a right to object to a powder magazine or a dynamite factory being put near you because they are dangerous; you may object to a gas works or a tannery because they smell bad, and lots of people in this town, only a few years ago, objected to the business house of a man who is now one of our aristocracy, because he dealt in pole-cat skins, and you may object to the establishment of a boiler factory near your residence because it is noisy; but all of the authorities have decided that saloons are not dangerous, and do not smell bad, and are not noisy, and dog my cats if I would not have one, if I were a rich saloon-keeping alderman in this city, like we have here, just as big and fine and prominent as Alderman Berkeley's dry goods store, and I would build it right beside his store if I wanted to, and show him that I had as many rights as a saloon-keeper as he has as a dry goods store keeper.

I have a nice little home out on Third street right in among the aristocracy. If I were a councilman in this town and I had voted to put a saloon right by the side of the cottage of some poor widow woman who had no vote to defend herself, and a saloon man would want to put a saloon beside my home, I could not oppose him. I would not have the cheek to do it.

The Baker Brothers on Limestone street are prohibitionists and devoted Christian people. They make their living making carriages. They said that ladies come to look at their carriages and that they were afraid to go about saloons. They begged

the City Council not to allow a saloon to be established by them. The city council put it there. There are some of the city council who are not saloon-keepers. They are nice men and go to church and apparently at least, pray to God every Sunday. They have elegant business houses on fine streets and handsome residences.

They would see that saloon-keeper in hell before they would let him start a saloon right by the side of one of their business houses or residences. It is easier for a needle to go through the eye of a camel than for a Lexington councilman to get to heaven.

Bully for Wash and Jim! Likes the Blade and me More Than he did at First.

LEE-BURG, KY., May 26, '91. C. C. Moore, Lexington Ky. DEAR SIR:—I have been receiving your paper for several months. Who gave you my name I do not know. I see in it you request all to notify you whether they will pay for it or not. I did not comply with your request for I was prejudiced against you, at that time, from what I had heard, and hence would have done you an injustice, had I passed judgment at that time.

As I don't want to wrong any one, I determined to investigate for myself, and that investigation has led me to here inclose \$2.00 to pay for the Blade one year.

You say some things about which I don't agree with you, and I don't suppose it makes any difference to you whether I, or any one else, agrees with you in full or not, as I see you are a man of your own head, and belong to no one, and hence I shall not offer any suggestions. I kinder like a man of firmness, and more especially in the Prohibition cause.

I am something on the order of Bol Neel. "Give Charley a good backing; lay aside the bones and help him eat all the Prohibition fish he can catch."

I never knew but two men that I thought were as consistent and true to their convictions as I believe you are. One of those is my kinsman, Dr. Chinn of your city. The other was my father.

The Doctor is too well known to the readers of the Blade for any comment from me. Of my father I have a word to say. During the war a squad of soldiers were plundering his house, and one of them was in the act of pulling on his best Sunday coat, when Father wrenched the coat from him, landing the soldier on the other side of the room. At that they all drew their bayonets and pricked the dear old man's flesh until the blood ran down to his heels; at the same time demanding the coat.

He replied "No I will not; if I am to die this way it is right, and if I am not to die this way you cannot kill me."

He had always been a believer in this doctrine, and when put to the test could not be driven from it at the point of the bayonet. And, friend Moore, I think you are made of this kind of stuff too, and for this I like you.

The time is coming, and now is, when we want men of firmness to the front in Prohibition. I have a boy, an only child, as dear to me as the ruddy drops that gather about his heart. I find my hopes centering in his manly body, with his faithful young wife by his side; and if I fall with the unfinished Prohibition work on my hands, I want him to take it up, and help to press it to victory.

If I were to vote for whisky and that boy should fall by its agency, I could not, wearing the crowning sorrow of his disgrace and looking into the eyes of her who gave him being, and whose heart he had broken—I could not, if I had voted for whisky find answers to my conscience, or support for my remorse.

I don't know how any other father feels, but that is the way I feel, if God permits me to speak the truth.

May it be the feeling of every father.

Yours, H. C. CHINN.

There are men talking like that all over this country, and it will be a cold day when you snow them under.

That man has something in his politics worth voting for, and working for. He wants to save that only son from this Macdonald, into which this liquor infamy is sucking the youth of this land. He does not care to vote for the nominees of a convention at Louisville lately, whose leaders charged each other with being drunk, at the very time they were deliberating—ostensibly at least—as to what was for the good of the country.

It is pitiful and humiliating to see Kentucky farmers, who have sons, and who claim to be Christians, and go through the performance of going to church and praying, and sending their little pitances to convert the heathen, when the Africans of Congo have lately protested against the introduction into their country of the minims liquor that these Kentucky

Christian farmers are sending there with their Bibles and hymn books and missionaries. For twelve hundred years the heathen of the Mohammedan world, far outnumbering all the Christians in the world, have looked at the drunkenness of this land, and of Christian Europe, and speak of us all as "Christian dogs."

I must confess that up to this point of voting for Democracy, when any man of any sense can see that at every town in the Bluegrass region drunkards are putting drunkards in office, until the whole country is run by them, that there are thousands of men who claim to be substantial farmers and representative men who, so far from showing common decency, and think it is smart to be led around like bulls, by the nose, by these men who pay their little country newspapers to boost them.

I don't see how any man of any high toned independence of character and any brains to do his own thinking, can imagine that there is any dignity in countenancing a convention like that that Editor Bell described at Georgetown, or like this out and dried thing that three or four ward politicians perpetrated at Lexington in the name of the Democracy of Fayette County.

Our men have lost their manhood, and it the women of this country do not try to influence their husbands and brothers and sons, this country will but repeat the history of nation after nation that has struggled through adversity into existence; flourished for a while upon the success attained by its patriots, and then sunk to ruin when their citizens lost all moral vigor, and suffered themselves to be bound and enslaved by a designing few.

There are thousands of men now in Kentucky who know that they will feel a contempt for themselves when they have voted the Democratic ticket in this state next August.

They know they are going to do it not for any principle, but because that is the winning side, and they feel mean about it in anticipation, but they will go ahead and do it just the same because they lack moral courage and the manly independence that dares to do right.

But my Brethren of the Prohibition party, let us remember that Leonidas with three hundred Spartans made Thermopylae famous as long as history shall be written, while the very names of the leaders of the hosts that overwhelmed him are almost forgotten by us.

Once there were steel panoplied soldiers on steel panted horses that rode in legions with banners that bore the Roman Eagles, that floated over them. They were proud and imperious and scornful, and they went to crush one man and his twelve followers. And they thought they had done it most effectually when they killed the leader and scattered the little group that followed him. But through two thousand years, millions of people have done him honor, while the names of those proud generals have died forever from the pages of history.

Gentlemen of the Prohibition party, yours, of all the political parties on earth, is the only one, that has taken the teaching of that Nazarene as their guide, and I believe your cause will prevail.

There's no doubt that Bro Briggs has got the whole Presbyterian capodile where the wool is short, just like Prohibition G. W. Miller, of California, had the "People's party" at Cincinnati. They have either got to endorse him or go on record as not doing it, and in either event there will be lots of fat in the fire.

More than a quarter of a century ago I said just what Bro Briggs is now saying. I didn't have money and prestige to lack me, and they snowed me under so deep that a St. Bernard dog could not smell me. But the "Sun of righteousness is rising with healing in his wings," (rays) and such men as Cave and McQuary and Briggs are going to melt me out, and I will come out whole as one of these Siberian elephants, that they now find in icebergs, that have been there ever since the glacial period; fourteen hundred thousand million years before Adam's elephants were made.

Like the elephant I may be a little dead perhaps, personally considered, but they'll see I've been "a hero in the strife." The world do move! Three cheers and a tiger for Bro. Briggs!!!

Thinks Cranks are Useful.

CONVALLIS, OREGON, May 24, '91. C. C. Moore Esq., Publisher Blue Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky. DEAR SIR:—I enclose 50 cents for which please give me credit and discontinue the paper, as I am out of business and unsettled. I hope to be able to subscribe soon, as I admire your courage in fighting for a grand cause against such odds.

They are cranks like you that the world badly needs. Yours truly, J. NEUMAN.

J. H. WIEHL & SON, Undertakers, and Embalmers.

CHARGES REASONABLE. Office Telephone 122. Residence Telephone 213. 98. RESIDENCE 44 Barr Street, one's more north of Phoenix Hotel from Limestone to Walnut.

KIDD & GRAVES.

DEALERS IN Ornamental, Bronze and Plain Hardware CUTLERY, GUNS, AMUNITION, MANTELS AND GRATES, TILING; Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools, Rope, Chain, Belling, Pumps, Churns, Scales, Coal Vases and Hods, Fire Irons, Bird Cages, and House Furnishing Goods, Hardwood and Smooth Wire, and Ready-Mixed Paint. LANDRETH'S NEW CROP GARDEN SEED. 56 & 58 E. Main St. Telephone 184

BAKER & BROS.,

No. 12 NORTH LIMESTONE ST. Manufacturers and Dealers in Carriages, Buggies Phaetons etc. Repairing promptly done and on reasonable terms. They are also agents for FRAZER CELEBRATED CARTS. We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand. COME AND SEE US. BAKER and BROS.

HARTING & CRUICKSHANK,

SUCCESSORS TO H. A. WHITE, 47 West GARLAND STOVES & RANGES Main St. A Full Assortment of Stoves Constantly on Hand. ROOFING, GUTTERING & REPAIRING A SPECIAL.

WILSON & STARKS

CLOTHIERS! TAILORS! HATTERS! FURNISHERS! The Largest House, the Largest Stock and the Largest Business in Our Line in Central Kentucky.

If you need anything in our line don't buy until you have looked through our stock. We are "leaders" in correct styles and low prices. Farmers are especially invited to make headquarters with us when in town.

WILSON & STARKS,

62, 64 and 66 E. Main Street. D. H. BEATTY, Fencing Contractor. Keeps constantly on hand a full stock of the following: Fencing, Fencing Material, Gates and Posts. THE FARMER'S FRIEND PICKET FENCE. and will contract to build Railroad, Post and Rail, and Plank Fences. He keeps also Locust, Chestnut and Oak board posts, and Locust, Cedar and Chestnut Plank posts, and Gate Posts of all grades. Also T-Rail Farm Gates, Wood and Iron long Gates, and all classes of Walk Gates. Also Fencing Plank and Fls Rails. Terms Cash in full of 30 days, add 8 per cent. additional on all booked accounts. D.H. BEATTY.

Charles Moore
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One Year, 52 insertions.	Six Months, 26 insertions.	Three Months, 13 insertions.	Two Months, Eight insertions.	One Month, Four insertions.
10 Lines	\$10.00	\$6.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$2.00
20 Lines	\$20.00	\$12.00	\$8.00	\$6.00	\$4.00
30 Lines	\$30.00	\$18.00	\$12.00	\$9.00	\$6.00
40 Lines	\$40.00	\$24.00	\$16.00	\$12.00	\$8.00
50 Lines	\$50.00	\$30.00	\$20.00	\$15.00	\$10.00
60 Lines	\$60.00	\$36.00	\$24.00	\$18.00	\$12.00
70 Lines	\$70.00	\$42.00	\$28.00	\$21.00	\$14.00
80 Lines	\$80.00	\$48.00	\$32.00	\$24.00	\$16.00
90 Lines	\$90.00	\$54.00	\$36.00	\$27.00	\$18.00
100 Lines	\$100.00	\$60.00	\$40.00	\$30.00	\$20.00

To All to Whom the Blade May Come, Greeting.

The Blade is only sent to such persons as it is hoped will be willing to pay for it, and every one to whom it comes is regarded as owing for it, unless he has received a receipt for it, if he continues to take it out of the office.

The names of the persons to whom the Blade goes are either furnished by some acquaintance of theirs or the parties are, from some circumstance known to the editor, such as are supposed to be willing to pay for the paper.

In all cases where friends pay for the Blade when it is sent to others, the parties receiving the paper are notified of this fact.

All persons to whom the Blade may come are respectfully asked to receive only as many numbers of it as will inform them of the character of the paper, and then either pay for it, or notify the editor that they do not want it, or leave it in the office and ask the postmaster to inform the editor that it is not wanted. The regular price of the Blade is \$2 a year, but in instances where persons regard themselves as too poor to afford that, it will be sent for \$1 a year if the person wanting it will notify the editor that he desires to take advantage of the rate for poor people.

I do not approve of that newspaper law that makes a man liable for the subscription price of a paper if he takes it out of the postoffice, when it has been sent to him without his order, and I will not take advantage of it.

Hoping that the public will take pains to observe this regulation, I am

Fraternally Yours,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Kentucky State Ticket.

OF THE

PROHIBITION PARTY.

The only Party that says a Public Officer Must be a Sober Man.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOSIAH HARRIS, of Paducah.
FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
H. M. WINSLOW, of Carrollton.
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
E. J. POLK, of Louisville.

FOR AUDITOR,
W. W. GODDARD, of Mercer.
FOR TREASURER,
J. M. HOLMES, of Daviess.
FOR REGISTER OF LAND OFFICE,
BRADFORD MCGREGOR,
of Kenton.

FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT,
A. B. JONES, of Anderson.
FOR CLERK OF COURT OF APPEALS,
R. S. FRIEND, of Boyle.

150,000 ACRES OF LAND WANTED.

An Eastern Steamship and Colonization Company have written to the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Queen & Crescent Route, to find for them a tract of land in either Kentucky or Tennessee of about 150,000 acres. The land is to be suitable for truck farming, also for raising corn, wheat, trees and shrubs, and near enough to railroad to make shipping facilities handy. Any one having a body of land suitable for this purpose, will please communicate with the undersigned, giving price, terms, location, and all particulars.

D. G. EDWARDS,
G. P. T. A.
Cincinnati, O.

A Related Excerpt.

The Times had a pleasant visit on Thursday from Mr. C. C. Moore, editor of the Blue Grass Blade. In private life he is a mild-mannered man, and roars as gentle as a sucking dove. He is only a terror when he puts on his war-paint and scatters blood and thunder through the columns of his newspaper.

They Like the Blade in the Keystone State.

FREDRICKSBURG, Pa., May 27, '91.
Mr. C. C. Moore,
DEAR BRO. PROHIBITIONIST—
Having received quite a number of copies of your very excellent paper the Blue Grass Blade, and having given the paper a fair trial by reading every late issue as it was sent to me, I have come to the conclusion to subscribe for the paper one year.

Please find enclosed \$2.00 in green-backs. Enclose also find stamp notifying me as soon as you receive money. Yours etc.
T. S. GRUMBINE.

A receipt is sent to everybody who pays, as soon after the receipt of the money as practicable. Do not send a stamp to pay returned postage.

When one party pays for another party getting the paper will get a receipt notifying him by whom it is sent.

Fire out the President of the Lexington Y. M. C. A.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 27, '91.
Dear Bro. Moore,
It is with regret that we, as members of the Young Men's Christian Association feel it our duty to ask you to discontinue your donation of the Blade to the Association rooms.

Our reason for doing so is that some of the board of Managers object to the paper, and think it not suitable to be read by the young men who visit our reading room. As to why the board objects to the paper we have, so far, been unable to learn.

When we asked you to send the Blade to the rooms gratuitously we felt then, as we do now, that its code of morals was far better than the Lexington, Louisville or Cincinnati papers, to which no objection has been made, notwithstanding their open and glaring publication of all that is immoral.

We quote a few of the headlines that appear so prominently in their issues. Horse racing, Base ball games, Prize fighting, Wholesale and retail Whisky and Beer advertisements, and gambling in its multitude of forms.

Possibly had you never hinted at the rottenness in social, political and religious life, as it exists in Lexington, and had you been willing to close your eyes and ears to the great evils that confront us on every side, we might not have been forced to make this request of you.

We are very, very sorry that such is the case.

Yours truly,
A. P. MORTON.

G. M. BROOKS,
"KRANKS".

"The hall has not been told".

BRO. MOORE,
We leave the enclosed communication entirely at your disposal. Publish the whole or a part of it with such comments or changes as you think best.

Yours
BROOKS & MORTON.
P. S. The chief objector is Mr. William Curran, President of the Association, also a member of the Board of Aldermen of this city.

B. & M.

I was not long since the guest of the Y. M. C. A. by special invitation, and my paper was complimented and every mark of kindness shown me by all who were there.

Mr. William Curran, its President, was not present. About three weeks since a good Christian man who has no connection with the Y. M. C. A. said to me that he thought I ought, in the Blade, to make a comment on the fact that the President of the Y. M. C. A. was not a Prohibitionist.

I am now in good shape for that comment.

As to the propriety of their receiving the Blade, that is of course a question of conscience or of taste, concerning either of which "non est disputandum", and under no circumstances would it be becoming for me to say.

But I have this to say. While my religious status is such that it would not be right for me to make any suggestion to any Y. M. C. A. regarding its theological tenets, I do unhesitatingly say that if the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is the promotion of morals by the most effective means known, no man who is not a Prohibitionist from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot should be made President of it; and in the whole United States I do not know any body of men that furnishes men more inappropriate for Presidents of any moral association than the Board of Aldermen and Common Council of the city of Lexington.

As I said, I am not in a shapeto advise "orthodox" Christians men, but if I were a member of any Rationalistic or moral association I would object very seriously—yes, I would kick, with all the vim and celerity of a mule, at the proposition to make any man President of it who would vote to give any man license to sell liquor, and especially in a whisky soaked

and saloon ridden town like this. There are infidel papers sent me from all over the United States, and I don't like any of them very much. They propose all sorts of societies and organizations and I believe that should Bro. Curran apply for membership in one of them they would "black ball" him because he votes to license saloons.

There are regular rip-snorting infidels in this town who hate that whole council worse than they do snake because they license these saloons.

If you want to advance the Christian religion along the lines of thought that are likely to do the most for it, the sooner you fire President Curran higher than a rocket the better for you.

I most sincerely thank you, gentlemen of the Committee for your expression of kindness for me and my paper, and will discontinue it.

And while personally I do not think that Psalms and Tiddley Winks make a first class team, as a moral institution, and do think that the Y. M. C. A. is perhaps a little too rich for my blood, so that I would rather spend my evenings at home if I had one, or at some pretty girl's home if I had none, if I were a young fellow, I must say that the Y. M. C. A. is a big improvement on lounging around a saloon, or even a well regulated hotel, and I wish you well, and will honor a small draft on me for its support any how, and a larger one if you will fire Bro. Curran.

A Minister that Likes the Blade and is Going to try "The Rational View."

JUNCTION CITY, Ky., May 28, '91;
Charles C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.
KIND SIR—Your paper at hand. Having read it carefully I pronounce it interesting and valuable. Like the negro boy said of his knife, "It cuts a wine and a conin".

This world needs more of the two-edged sword of truth, so give 'em Old Columbia.

I do not believe everything you say is truth, but I admire you for your courage in frankly declaring your convictions.

Religion and politics need more advocates whose "back bone" is stronger than a sewing thread or a dude's raton cane.

I received my first copy of the Blade last week, and lost it out of the buggy, before reading, while I was on my way to my appointment at Marchland, Ky.

If some poor soul picks it up and becomes a life subscriber I will never regret it, except that I missed a hearty laugh at some of your "side-splitting" sayings.

Enclosed I send fifty cents for which send the Blade to G. C. Zachary, Commerce, Texas, until August election, and credit me with one copy until that time at Junction City, Ky.

I shall try to send you a club. Will subscribe for your book in the near future.

Provided I can shape some thoughts worth reading will send you some items for the Blade.

I am now holding a meeting at Lebanon, Ky. Whisky and Catholicism have partially taken the place.

May God bless you in all that is right.

Respectfully Yours,
J. W. ZACHARY.

President Harrison sets a bad Example.

In San Francisco lately, President Harrison addressed a meeting of his College fraternity, and at the close of his remarks lifted a glass of Champagne and said "I propose that we drink to the order to which we have given our allegiance and our love". That's the way a modern President does it.

The other day at Louisville, Dr. Kelly, the Tennessee Prohibition champion, while speaking held in his hand an old medallion that he had brought from among the effects of "Old Hickory" at "The Hermitage".

He held it up and read from one side of it as follows:
"Being satisfied, from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirit as a drink, is not only needless but hurtful and that the entire disease of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction, that should the citizens of the United States and especially all the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world."

That's the way the old Presidents talked.

Andrew Jackson was thought to be something of a Democrat in his day, but there is not an office in Lexington that he could get to day, and if he should come here and dare to read that old medallion where any Democrat in this town could hear him, he might have James Madison and John Quincy Adams to stomp the town for him and John J. Sullivan

could beat him for City Marshall without getting out of his saloon, and one speech from Col. Pres. Kimball down in Irtistown would do the whole business.

I am not exaggerating or joking. There are a thousand men in Lexington I believe, who would tell you that this is true.

Can you conceive of Andrew Jackson as a delegate to that Democratic Convention at Louisville the other day? How do you suppose he would have looked when "Quinine Jim" called "Our Joe's" resolutions a string of old "dried apples", and "Our Joe" told him that he was too drunk for him to resent the insult.

Think about "Old Hickory" being told that that gang was the party of which he was the daddy, and that the very leaders of it were now the fellows who shot at the flag that he fought under at New Orleans, against old Paeknam, and then packed his hams in a butt of mamsey and shipped him back to England as freight!

I would hate to be the fellow that had the job of telling him that that was the gang he belonged to, and would be expected to train with.

Think of Andrew Jackson being on a Committee on resolutions with Jo Blackburn, and trying to lug into one of them what he said on that old medallion.

Think how he would cuss "By the eternal" if he should hear Jo Blackburn tell his Indian whisky story, and imagine the picnic there would be when Jo proposed to lead him out by the ear.

It liketer killed me when I read about Jim calling Jo's resolutions an "old string of dried apples"—those resolutions over which Jo had bowed the massive dome of his thought through the silent midnight hour to get up something that would eternally squelch old Grover, because Grover didn't give Jo's brother a big office after he heard how Jo's brother had proposed to ride horseback all the way from here to Washington in the blood of Yankee soldiers up to his bridle bit. And it was not a very good day for blood either.

Of all the outrages upon the human palate that the devil ever perpetrated I think dried apples take the cake.

There have been times in the life of my dear wife and children and myself when we didn't have as much to eat as Jay Astorville and those fellows. I have parched meat by the peck and eaten it with salt or sugar, and been happy; and give me a "Col. Sellers" turnip and salt and some nice water with a fresh "head" on it, and I am not miserable by a jug full.

But I draw the line at dried apples, and I have told my wife that when we do go to them we would throw up the sponge, and go under the daisies.

I started out to write a real moral diatribe on Bro. Harrison's wine bibbling, but I got so far off the track that I will have to take another pull at it sometime.

The Kentucky Leader on the Election Frauds in Lexington Last August.

In this issue of the Blade, under the head "A Blooming Farce", I reproduce the account of The Kentucky Lender (Republican) published at Lexington. I hope the good citizens of this country, without any regard to political affiliation, will read that piece carefully, and then read it again very slowly and recollect all the names, and that they will recollect that Sullivan and Welch and McNamara are all saloon proprietors. Then I hope these good people will get a chair and get in a good quiet place out in the shade and read it again, and then I hope they will call out their wives and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts and read it again, and then walk over to the neighbors and take the paper along and read it, and let the children memorize it and say it at Sunday School.

The Lender has said some pretty rough things about me in print and a heap rougher ones orally, but it may say them all over again with any trimmings and embellishments that may have since occurred to it, if it will only talk out like this about the corruptions in this city.

If it will talk this way, I hope it may have 100,000 subscribers, and I hope that Prohibitionists will encourage it, morally and financially.

I write this knowing nothing about the court proceedings in the case, further than they are given in the report alluded to. I do not know the name of a single jurymen, but hope that they are all of the best.

In any event I shall bow submissively to their decision.

I say now, as I did in the case of the acquittal of the Mafia at New Orleans, that as good citizens we must cheerfully abide the decisions of the courts, and to any verdict that they may render I will say Amen; but if these men are guilty I do sincerely hope that they will be punished, for the crime of which they are charged strikes at the very foundation of our civil institution.

JAMES MADISON.
ANDREW JACKSON.
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
October, 1834.

That's the way the old Presidents talked.

Andrew Jackson was thought to be something of a Democrat in his day, but there is not an office in Lexington that he could get to day, and if he should come here and dare to read that old medallion where any Democrat in this town could hear him, he might have James Madison and John Quincy Adams to stomp the town for him and John J. Sullivan

Likes it Next to a Toddy.

CARROLLTON, Ky., May 28, 1891.
C. C. Moore Esq., Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find postal note for \$2.00 in payment of the subscription of Dr. Meade of this place. His name was sent to you for a sample copy on January 1st last. I told him I had ordered all of the samples stopped.

He remarked "That won't do next to a good toddy that's the best thing I know of".

Yours very truly,
G. B. WISSLOW.

Information Wanted of the Schweinfurthians.

There are in Lexington and Fayette County people of high social standing who worship a Dutch god, named Schweinfurth who runs his "heaven" out in Illinois.

One of these persons has lately lost a near friend of the "same faith and order".

Now I don't want to make fun of anybody's religion, but I want to know whether the saints of this new religion go to Illinois when they die, or do they go up where Elijah and all those old fellows were; because one of them owed me for my paper, and if they go to Illinois after they are dead, I thought I would send the bill out to Schweinfurth and allow him a commission to collect it.

Internal Revenue Receipts.

The collections of internal revenue during the first ten months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, were \$115,936,221, an increase of \$5,359,483, as compared with the collections during the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. The collections were as follows: On spirits, \$68,370,943, an increase of \$2,448,358; on tobacco, \$27,860,836, an increase of \$434,563; on fermented liquors, \$23,599,849, an increase of \$2,168,084; on oleomargarine, \$889,761, an increase of \$239,865; on miscellaneous, \$233,709, an increase of \$108,242. The aggregate receipts for April, 1891, were \$2,190,065 less than for April, 1890.

Speaking on this subject, Mr. Mason, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, said: "There is a decrease in the receipts from special taxes on rectifiers, liquor-dealers, brewers and dealers in malt liquors and dealers in oleomargarine of \$1,381,084. This is due to the fact that the last Congress changed the special tax year so as to begin July 1, instead of May 1. Collections of special taxes for May 1 collect only two months' taxes, instead of twelve months' taxes."

Ten Commandments.

The temperance society of Odessa, Texas, has published the following Ten Commandments:

1. Thou shalt try to lead a sober life.
2. Thou shalt not treat thy fellows as drunkards.
3. Thou shalt not rent any part of thy house, thy store or thy shop as a place for the sale of spirituous drinks.
4. Thou shalt not trade in spirituous drinks.
5. Thou shalt not engage in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors and wines of any kind.
6. Thou shalt preach against drunkenness.
7. Thou shalt persuade all thy friends and acquaintances to join the temperance society.
8. Thou shalt never repeat nor circulate an opinion in favor of the drinking of intoxicating beverages.
9. Thou shalt do all that is in thy power to prevent others drinking intoxicating beverages.
10. Thou shalt watch the doings of those who trade in spirituous drinks and promptly report to the authorities any of their actions by which they criminate themselves before the law.

—Union Signal.

Chairman Dickie Honored.

An exceedingly gratifying tribute has been paid to Samuel Dickie, chairman of the National Prohibition Committee, by one of the representative colleges of this land. At the last meeting of the state conference of Prohibitionists of Connecticut in New Haven, a procession of Divinity students from Yale Seminary filed up the center aisle to the platform and presented to Mr. Dickie the ensign of Yale—a blue jacket with the words "Yale" across in white, and the following memorial: "To the Hon. Samuel Dickie, compliments of the members of the Divinity School, who stand with you in the cause of Prohibition."

It was signed by fifty-six students. In response Mr. Dickie said he did not recall an event in the last four years, since he drew the curtain across his eyes to the light of the truth, in which he did not feel proud to have the professional labors in Abilene College to take up the work of the Prohibition party that had been such a pleasing surprise to him.

Wyoming is Organizing.

They have been organizing Prohibition alliances in Wyoming and have now worked the matter up to a State Alliance, which has just been organized.

The object of the Alliance is declared to be the agitation of the temperance question, the abolition of drinking customs, and the prohibition of the saloon.

The organization is a strong one and is officered by men who for some time have been in correspondence with the National Prohibition Committee.

On the evening of the State organization Mr. John Hipp, of Denver, Col., delivered a powerful address, in which he did not fail to point out the impossibility of accomplishing any good through the old parties. The address was well received.

No Delays Allowed.

The courts have decided that the constitutionality of Prohibition is so fully settled that further ruling is unnecessary. The Prohibitionists of Iowa are greatly elated by an important decision rendered by Judge Shreve in the Federal Court. An attempt has been made to block proceedings under the late prohibitory law by having the same transferred to the Federal courts. Judge Shreve, in a case from Oskaloosa, ruled that unless new questions were involved the United States laws, for which the state courts were ample. It is considered an important prohibitory victory.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Short Items Showing How the World Moves Onward.

The successor of Dr. Howard Crosby as president of the Society for the Prevention of Vice is Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, a prominent New York minister.

Deputy Surveyor Gaskell, of San Francisco, seized recently 1,200 pounds of smuggled opium, valued at \$25,000.

The Las Vegas, New Mexico, W. C. T. U. had the honor of laying the cornerstone of the first public school-house in that territory.

Mrs. Lucy Washington, one of the national W. C. T. U. organizers, is now in Iowa, and has already appointed in twelve different cities.

Maria R. Kays of Seranton Pa., a prominent Prohibitionist and Treasurer of the People Publishing Co., died suddenly a few days ago.

Indiana has a fund of \$110 per month pledged, and in addition over 800 free speeches volunteered.

Frank D. Shera is organizing and speaking in Ohio.

Among the names mentioned as possible gubernatorial candidates in Ohio are W. H. Atkins, President of the Ohio Farmer's Alliance, who ran for Congress on the Prohibition Ticket last year; J. A. Ashenburt, editor of the Canton Leader; E. Jay Penny and Rev. C. L. Work.

The New Era sets a good example to other state papers by publishing a symposium on Platforms for this year, for wise action by the State convention.

Rhode Island Prohibitionists held a banquet recently in Providence. The Juniors were active in making it a success.

About a year ago the Milwaukee W. C. T. U. refused to let the W. C. T. U. longer occupy rooms in their building. Last month the Brewers' Association donated \$300 to the W. C. T. U.

The Michigan Patrons of Industry will send a fraternal delegate to the coming State W. C. T. U. Convention in Michigan.

The official count of Michigan gives Dodge the Prohibition nominee for Supreme Court Judge 11,111 votes. Atkinson (Independent) polled 9,260.

The Prohibition Party of the Maritime Provinces is endeavoring to raise an organizing fund. J. T. Blimmer of Halifax, N. S., is President.

Three states have now adopted the side of the work which is being done by the local unions.

The "non-partisan" (9) W. C. T. U. of Cleveland, O., refuses to place on file in their reading room "The Voice," "The Light" and other Prohibition papers, even when offered free. At the same time republican and democratic papers are always kept on hand.

Iowa will have two speakers at the National Temperance Convention at Saratoga in July. Dr. Hentelins and Mrs. Hentelins. Both of them are strong republicans and spell-binders.

Mrs. Clara Hoffman and Maj. Geo. A. Hilton are doing great good by their addresses along the Pacific slope.

LIQUOR SELLERS' PERILS.

One Held Responsible for the Death of a Customer.

Under the above pathetic heading the following dispatch from Pittsburgh: The jury in the case of Mrs. Catharine Davies against Alexander McKnight, licensed saloon-keeper, and James Quinn his bar-keeper, rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$280.

Mrs. Davies alleged that her husband had been sold liquor by the defendant after being requested by her to desist. One night, while intoxicated, her husband on his way from McKnight's place fell into a creek, and contracted a cold from which he died.

Judge Ewing, in his charge, impressed upon the jury very emphatically that when a saloon-keeper or bartender sells liquor to a man who is visibly intoxicated at the time, or to a man, who, whether visibly intoxicated at the time or sober, is known to be of intemperate habits, in either case the party so selling is liable for whatever consequences may ensue.

McKnight's attorneys will probably carry the case to the Supreme Court.

Municipal Drunken.

Springfield, Ill., suffered with a municipal drunkenness. The new mayor of the city determined that the laws for the Sunday closing of the saloons should be strictly enforced, without fear or favor, and issued his orders to that effect. Great was the surprise and indignation of the saloon-keepers, that the order "must business," and that when Sunday morning came there was not so much as a back door to be found open. The reputable people of the city are delighted with the new order of things, and congratulate the Mayor on his firmness, and the saloon men profess to be more than satisfied, and say that they only ask that there shall be no discrimination—New Orleans Times.

The scenes about the hotels and local club houses in Cincinnati during the recent National Convention of the public clubs, were not calculated to inspire any hope in the bosom of temperance Republicans. The local Leagues got up a souvenir for the convention, which is adorned by half a dozen advertisements. Sandwiched in between the pictures of Blaine and Foraker is the advertisement of Christian Morien, the big republican brewer, and one of Cox's chief backers. This is the way it runs:

"National Export, the queen of beers. The best, purest and most palatable beer on earth. Endorsed by republicans in good standing." Great is personal liberty and "cordial sympathy."

ANTI-NUISANCE WORK.

A TEST CASE ON THE VALIDITY OF ALL LICENSE LAWS.

A Case Pending Before the Supreme Court of Indiana—Col. E. P. Ritter Moving for a Decision-Take National Anti-Nuisance League at Work.

Col. E. P. Ritter of Indianapolis, a prominent lawyer and well known Prohibitionist, has long been an ardent advocate of the principles of the National Anti-Nuisance League.

The following statement of the present status of an important case now pending in the Supreme Court of Indiana will be read with interest. Col. Ritter hopes for decision at opening of September term, and no matter what the result may be, the League will continue to urge judicial inquiry along this line. The sale of persons for leverage purposes is contrary to the spirit of the constitution, and license and revenue laws sanctioning such sale are unconstitutional.

In the pending case Mary E. Haggart and Sarah C. Bachwell allege that they have owned real estate with a dwelling house thereon, and occupied the same for more than five years, on College avenue in the second ward of the city of Indianapolis. The locality is thickly settled with residences by people distinguished for morality. There are nine churches, three public schools, female college and an orphan's home, but no manufacturing establishments, bar business, houses, except a few small groceries and drug

A Whole String of Them From The Nicholasville Democrat.

When Jim McKenzie made his pass at Jo Blackburn's string of dried apple resolutions, he wanted "unlimited coinage of silver" as Grover was a little off on silver, but in the political pool box he was a favorite that "all hell could not beat." Blackburn retorted that McKenzie had failed to take the advice of the Blue Grass Blade.

Jim McKenzie is called "the gentleman from Christian," but his language was from Chicago.

The "farmers" and the Con-Con, were "outen" it. They were not into it. They were extraneous.

There are no flies on the devil, and when he lobbied Deity into the new Constitution Preamble, he got there with both hoofs. His trail is over the rest of the seven months monster. When the devil wants to put up a vicious job on the people he always encourages pious talk and opens with unctious prayer.

The Devil it always Moderator-at-large when, affairs of the sub-junct nature occur, and goes to bed on what feathers his High Tariff industry has failed to scorch, with a Michiavellian twinkle in his eye.

Eld. J. S. Sweeney, pastor of the Christian church, Paris, and Rev. J. B. Moody, a Baptist minister, will begin a debate at Fairview, Fleming county Tuesday, at 1 o'clock. Elder Sweeney has chosen Eld. J. S. Kendrick, of Winchester, as moderator, and Rev. Mr. Moody will be represented by a Southern Kentucky minister. The following subjects will be discussed: "Remission of Sins with like blessings of Salvation is Received Before Baptism," Moody affirms. "Baptism to a Penitent believer is For (in order to) the Pardon of Past Sins," Sweeney affirms.

"The Scriptures teach that Man is so Depraved that he is Unable Without a Direct Enabling Power - the Holy Spirit to Obey the Gospel of the Son of God," Moody affirms. Two days will be given to each of the above subjects, and the communion question will be discussed also, provided the gentlemen can agree on a statement, making an eight days' debate. Lunch will be served from baskets brought in from the surrounding country. The debate will take place at Mt. Pisgah Church, near Fair View, about five miles beyond the Blue Lick Springs.

A perplexing thing in our society is that there are people who will sit on a hard bench and listen to this mental delinquency, that will leave their narrow gaged minds with all their prejudice, hatred and bad temper unimpaired, and come away, with their last state worse than the first. A debate is the last resort of failure to gain hearers. When a preacher must debate, or lecture on Ingersoll, a quasi-debate with Ingersoll not present, or edit a religious news paper, he gives up the gum stump.

The Mt. Sterling Advocate says: "The preachers seem to be resting a little in their warfare on the devil and in the icteric have concluded to measure swords with each other. Brethren Sweeney and Moody are booked for debate, so are Brethren Fitch and Kendrick, and now comes the news that Brethren J. W. McGarvey and Joseph Young will lock horns in the near future. Stick to your points brethren and hunt for the points upon which you agree, rather than point out how wide are your differences."

I noticed this debate sometime ago and felt like commenting on it some but I hated to keep stirring up that old chestnut about my religion.

I reckon my religion, considering the amount of it that I have on hand, has given other people more trouble than that of any man in the United States.

But I must endorse what the Journal says about debates of that kind.

Alexander Campbell and Nathan L. Rice had a debate here nearly fifty years ago about how much water it took to baptize a man.

There are little narrow-minded, sectarian, parizan jealousies that exist here to this day about it, and I do not suppose that in the state of Kentucky there is any responsible, intelligent and good man, who says that he ever knew any man or woman that was made any poorer or better by it.

Nobody seriously cares which way you decide your questions, even if you decide them, and the chances are forty to one that not a single man will change his opinion, and the women will be sure not to do it. Why don't you tackle something bigger? Infidels laugh at you gentlemen for stopping to fight each other while there are solid Muldoons.

I'll tell you what let's do, if you want to see some fun; let's get Col. Ingersoll and Bro. McKenzie to lock horns out in the tabernacle at Woodland park this Summer.

A Sample of Kentucky Democratic Leader's Opinion of Each Other.

The following, from the Southern Journal's account of the late Democratic Convention at Louisville is a sample of what prominent Democrats in this state think of each other.

MCKENZIE TO BLACKBURN.

"Mr. Chairman and gentleman of the convention: I have listened to those old dried apple resolutions and fervently wished that I was somewhere else." Everybody yelled and Blackburn's face became purple. The cheering continued for several minutes and McKenzie went on:

"There is absolutely nothing in them. I have also listened to the argument of the Senator who wrote them, and there is nothing in it except a reflection on Grover Cleveland." [Loud cheering.]

"Gentlemen, Grover Cleveland has got more sense than all the one-horse politicians that were ever placed on Resolution Committees in Kentucky." [Cheers.]

A number of delegates insisted that McKenzie take the stage, but he replied: "All hell can't make me do it."

He continued: "There is evidently something in Kentucky with a grievance against Grover." [Defeating and long continued applause.] Blackburn's face wore an ominous scowl, and it was evident that he was boiling with rage.

BLACKBURN TO MCKENZIE.

The confusion became so great that McKenzie had to sit down. Blackburn rose to reply and every ear was strained to hear him. He protested for himself and the Committee that an injustice had been done covertly and by insinuation. He concluded: "I will not reply to the ill-conceived utterance of the gentleman from Christian, because I cannot find anything in his utterances big enough to reply to, and another reason which I will not give here because it is already painfully apparent to this audience."

MCKENZIE TO BLACKBURN.

"Mr. Chairman you have permitted a personal attack to be made on me, and I have a right to be heard on a question of personal privilege. No man on God's green earth can deliberately insult me without an apology. I have never in all my life entertained an unkind feeling toward Senator Blackburn. He is a member of the greatest deliberative body on the globe, and when he goes out of his way to insult me, as he has done to-night, his conduct is unworthy of his high position. We all stand here equals, and I demand a deliberate from the humble county of Christian, to be treated with decency and respect, even by a United States Senator."

THE OTHER FELLOWS ARE GETTING AFTER BRO. LLOYD.

C. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade, was present, and by his candid expressions inspired all present with the belief that he is candid, earnest, and is in this movement for right and justice. He spoke most pleasantly to Elder Lloyd, of Georgetown, but Brother Lloyd is not heartily in favor of reciprocity—that is wrong.—SOUTHERN JOURNAL.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 18th (Special Correspondence).—"The Times," evening issue of the "Courier-Journal," said a week ago. "The probabilities are that the cold water fellows will find a big object lesson in the dying Democratic Convention." This prophecy has been confirmed. Saloonists say they never did a better business.

Wednesday night, Hon. Jas. A. McKenzie, Vice-Chairman of the World's Fair Commissioners, was too drunk, it is reported to nominate clearly the farmer's candidate for Governor. The Convention adopted a Free Silver plank and endorsed Cleveland. Thursday McKenzie made a drunken speech against the "dried apple resolution" and attacked Senator Joe Blackburn. Blackburn refused to reply saying his reason was "painfully apparent to the Convention," referring to McKenzie's condition.—[New York Voice.]

This is a sample of the way the rest of the world is viewing Kentucky. Isn't the Honorable "Quinine" James a sweet scented Germanium to represent us at the World's Fair? But there is no doubt about him being truly a representative man. No man can be regarded as a Kentucky patriot who does not encourage Kentucky's great staple; and that is whisky.

When the Kentucky Alliance people were here in mass Convention, some of them said to me that two-thirds of them were Prohibitionists.

I thought at the time that if it was true I never saw a lot of men whose noses did them such injustice.

It seems to me that if there was any sympathy for Prohibition in the party it was peculiarly inapposite to select a drunken Democrat to nominate their candidate for Governor.

It's a strange kind of a party whose candidates are nominated by the members of another party, even if they have soldier men.

It would look a little singular for Republicans to be nominating Democrats, or Democrats to be nominating Prohibitionists. I don't believe the Alliance people know what they are trying to do, any how.

Short and Sweet.

I received from Mr. Sterling, Ky. an envelope containing nothing but the following verse in manuscript.

I can not tell whether the writing is that of a man, or woman, but it's got sap in it.

Better be mum, And always dumb, That pray with some, "Thy Kingdom come," Then vote for ruin.

I wish Bro. Curran of the Y. M. C. A. would memorize that and add it as a kind of a postscript to his prayers every night.

EDITOR.

ALCOHOL AND MURDER.

Teletype Gives the Effect of Drink in Drowning the Human Conscience.

A sober man scruples to do that which a drunken man will execute without hesitation. These words embody the essential motives that induce people to have recourse to stupefying drugs and drinks. People employ them either for the purpose of stifling remorse, after having performed an action disapproved by their conscience, or else in order to induce a state of mind in which they shall be capable of doing something contrary to their conscience, and to which the animal nature of man is impelling him.

A sober man has conscientious scruples to visit lewd women, to steal, to commit murder. A drunken man, on the contrary, is troubled with no such scruples. Hence it is that if a person wishes to do something which his conscience forbids him to do, he first stupefies his faculties.

A recent letter struck by the statement made by a man cook on his trial for the murder of an old lady—a relative of mine—in whose service he had been living. From the account he gave of the crime and the manner in which it was perpetrated, felt that when he had sent his paragon, the maid servant, out of the house, and the time had come for him to do the deed, he seized a knife and repaired to the bedroom where his intended victim lay. He drew the knife near him, but in his sober senses he could not possibly perpetrate such a crime. "A sober man has conscientious scruples." He turned back, gulped down two tumblers of brandy, and then he did the deed.

Nine-tenths of the total number of crime that stain humanity are committed in the same way. "First take a drink to give you courage."

Not only do people cloud their own faculties in order to stifle the voice of conscience, but, knowing what the effect of alcohol is, whenever they wish to perform an act that is contrary to the dictates of their conscience they purposely stupefy them in order to render them temporarily deaf to its remonstrances. In war soldiers are always made drunk when they are to be sent into close hand-to-hand combat. During the storming of Sebastopol all the French soldiers were completely intoxicated. After the storming of a fortress in the Central Asian war, when the Russian soldiers showed no reluctance to plunder and kill the defenseless old men and children of the place, Skobloff ordered them to be duly intoxicated before they were sent out. Then they rushed out to accomplish the ghastly work.—Tolstol in the Contemporary Review.

The Women Help.

Chairman Knapp of Missouri writes the following letter to express his gratitude for womanly help. "An official member of the State W. C. T. U. was the first to make a pledge to the State fund. The unions have given valuable assistance in gathering up the scattered forces of the party in furnishing lists of our voters and in making appointments for our speakers."

They also aided us financially as the following specimen letter shows: "As our union is small and we have a great deal of expense to meet soon as decided we could not pledge more than one (\$1.00) per month at present."

And this: "I am only too glad to lend a helping hand and contribute our 'mite' in the great Prohibition conflict. Our membership being small, twelve in number, we feel as if we could do but little, but we give our mite prayerfully. We pledge ourselves for one dollar a month."

A "mite" of this size from each Prohibition voter in Missouri would make us a mighty power. If we had enough power to legislate, we would wish to make every man who votes these words need the men only at the ballot-box, and not over there after a short term of years. Our thanks to the women."

The Nation's Rum Sales.

Commissioner Douglas, of the District of Columbia, has prepared a statement of the liquor licenses, approved during the past year, from which it appears that in 1890 there were granted 465 wholesale liquor licenses, and 63 retail liquor licenses, making a total in the national capital of 1,158. These legalized places for the sale, wholesale and retail, of intoxicating liquors, are under the responsibility of the national government. These licenses are authorized by congress—the congress which represents the nation at large—including the prohibition as well as the license states, and localities in different portions of the union.

Protecting "Industry."

The New York Press is running a series of "tariff pickets" to show how home industries have been developed under the republican party's protective policy. Here is one of the most telling, from the issue of May 6: In 1881 we imported 4,746,362 gallons of wine, and our own product in gallons was only 124,734.

In 1890 we imported only 5,069,873 gallons of foreign wines, whereas our own product in gallons was over 300,000.

The liquor interests in this country have reason to be exceedingly grateful.—Voice.

Another Showing.

The Worcester, Mass., Times publishes the following striking figures from the records of the police department for the year just ended, April 30, 1891, under No. License, as compared with the year ended April 30, 1890, under a \$1,200 High License.

1890-'91. 1890-'91. 1890-'91. (No. License) (No. License) (No. License) Total arrests..... 2,222 2,222 2,222

THE VOICE OF REFORMERS.

Senator Peffer and Ralph Beaumont to the People of America.

E. J. Wheeler, the editor of The Voice and John Lloyd Thomas were recently traveling in company with Senator Peffer of Kansas and another gentleman prominent in financial reform work. During the conversation Mr. Wheeler remarked to the last named, The Voice recently asked one of the gentlemen who was elected to Congress by the reformers of Kansas the following question: "What chance would there have been of electing five congressmen, a senator and a majority of the legislature if Kansas had contained 5,000 legalized saloons, they being just such political club houses as the saloons are in other states?" The answer received was, "Not a ghost of a chance." Do you endorse that?" The gentleman assented to the statement. Mr. Wheeler then turned to Senator Peffer and asked "Do you endorse that statement?" and the Senator immediately replied: "I was the man that made the statement which you quoted, and I unhesitatingly reiterate the statement. Reform would not have had a ghost of a show if Kansas had contained 5,000 saloons to debauch the public mind and hamper the efforts of reformers."

Soon afterwards Messrs. Wheeler and Thomas were in the company of Mr. Ralph Beaumont, perhaps the ablest of the reform leaders of America. During a lengthy and interesting conversation, Mr. Beaumont made the following statement: "During the late reform campaign in Kansas, I spent about six weeks in the State, traveling hundreds of miles, and speaking every day to thousands of people in the towns and cities. During the entire trip, I never saw a drunken man, and my audiences were the most intelligent and receptive I ever had. The man who tells me Prohibition is not a success finds me a debater." "Prohibition is not a success," Wisconsin to speak at a picnic. Before I had spoken ten minutes there were seventeen drunken men all about me, and not only were they unable to understand me, but the attention of hundreds of others was distracted. I felt embarrassed and unsuccessful. In Nebraska I spoke one day to about 10,000 people in the free country, and the next night in whisky cursed Omaha to about 200 people."

The statement of Senator Peffer was quoted to Mr. Beaumont, and he was asked as to his views. Said he, "I endorse the statement unhesitatingly, the man who would deny it is incapable of unprejudiced judgment." Senator Peffer and Mr. Beaumont are leaders in the reform work. They will not be accused of Prohibition fanaticism. Does not their testimony emphasize the platform of Prohibition? "Prohibition is not a success," as a pre-essential to further reform."

BROWN AND HECTOR.

Two Prohibition Evangelists and the Work They Are Doing.

Jason Brown the son of John Brown the old Abolition reformer, is accompanying Rev. J. H. Hector on a Prohibition lecture tour. They have spent several weeks in the eastern states and have addressed large audiences. At several places there have been banquets and receptions in honor of Mr. Brown, who declares that the old feeling of the past is buried, and he heartily joins hand and heart with southern as well as northern men who oppose the slavery of the drink traffic.

At a recent lecture in Hartford, Conn., Mr. Hector said: "Some scientists tell us that the system demands whisky at times. Even reputable newspapers print advertisements which announce that pure whisky cures indigestion and dyspepsia. Good men and women who will assert that this is so, and I will show you a doctor who doesn't know enough to cure a man."

How the tears of wives and mothers will flow. Rivers of beer and rivers of tears, will deluge St. Louis while the contest goes on.

WHO PAYS FOR THE TRIP?

Barkeepers Striving for a European Trip at the People's Expense.

There is a grim horror about the St. Louis bartender contest now going on for the prize of an European tour, which the Liquor Dealers Association propose to give to the most popular bartender, such popularity to be determined by the greatest number of fifteen cent drinks sold, in a given time.

How those bartenders will work for custom! How they will entice into the cursed saloons the boys on the street, coaxing out of their pockets every possible fifteen cent. How the number of the drinking party will pile up in the saloon till while his home grows more and more bare of the comforts of life. How the hearts of St. Louis women in the elegant homes as well as in the humble ones will ache.

How the tears of wives and mothers will flow. Rivers of beer and rivers of tears, will deluge St. Louis while the contest goes on.

Generous Brewers.

St. John, ex-Governor of Kansas, and the rest of his gang, are down on James G. Blaine for preparing a pamphlet on the matter of trade with the Spanish American States. Well, what of it? Who contributes the most to the support of this country, the brewers or the tax-shirking Prohibitionists?—Northwestern Brewer's Gazette.

Noble brewers! They not only contribute millions of dollars, but when, a short time ago, it was proposed to take off the internal revenue tax on whisky, beer and tobacco, the unselfish patriots engaged in the manufacture of these articles sent lobbyists to Washington to prevent it! They love their country so they can't be happy unless allowed to pay enormous sums to the Treasury. And yet—such are the results of liberality they have grown very rich doing it.—Voice.

Another Method.

Topeka, Kan., has twelve ardent socialists all told, and this number is not likely to be increased unless the facilities for the importation of beer are greatly enlarged.—Chicago Tribune.

The Tribune has stumbled upon an important truth, namely, that the saloons are hotbeds of anarchy, while their absence conduces to thoughtful action on social questions.

Gutting Gales.

Ballots, with Prohibition enforced, are the modern appliances for the right and effective (that is, genuine) way to settle this whole question of the liquor traffic. Our determined and strong convictions, once focussed in our votes—and the work is done.

High License.

Bentive has the largest saloon license in the State of Nebraska. At a recent meeting of the city council the license was increased from \$500 to \$1,000 and the excise tax reduced from \$500 to \$200, making a total license of \$1,200.

Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago is pro-tem president of the National Association of Prohibitionists.

The American Medical Temperance Association has been organized.

Maine Goes Dry.

Liquor is shut out of Lewiston under the new Maine prohibitory law. The term of the city liquor agent expires in a few days, and a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen called to elect a successor resulted in a tie vote. The probability is that there will be no agent elected and the city will be dry this Summer.

THE VOICE OF REFORMERS.

Senator Peffer and Ralph Beaumont to the People of America.

E. J. Wheeler, the editor of The Voice and John Lloyd Thomas were recently traveling in company with Senator Peffer of Kansas and another gentleman prominent in financial reform work. During the conversation Mr. Wheeler remarked to the last named, The Voice recently asked one of the gentlemen who was elected to Congress by the reformers of Kansas the following question: "What chance would there have been of electing five congressmen, a senator and a majority of the legislature if Kansas had contained 5,000 legalized saloons, they being just such political club houses as the saloons are in other states?" The answer received was, "Not a ghost of a chance." Do you endorse that?" The gentleman assented to the statement. Mr. Wheeler then turned to Senator Peffer and asked "Do you endorse that statement?" and the Senator immediately replied: "I was the man that made the statement which you quoted, and I unhesitatingly reiterate the statement. Reform would not have had a ghost of a show if Kansas had contained 5,000 saloons to debauch the public mind and hamper the efforts of reformers."

Soon afterwards Messrs. Wheeler and Thomas were in the company of Mr. Ralph Beaumont, perhaps the ablest of the reform leaders of America. During a lengthy and interesting conversation, Mr. Beaumont made the following statement: "During the late reform campaign in Kansas, I spent about six weeks in the State, traveling hundreds of miles, and speaking every day to thousands of people in the towns and cities. During the entire trip, I never saw a drunken man, and my audiences were the most intelligent and receptive I ever had. The man who tells me Prohibition is not a success finds me a debater." "Prohibition is not a success," Wisconsin to speak at a picnic. Before I had spoken ten minutes there were seventeen drunken men all about me, and not only were they unable to understand me, but the attention of hundreds of others was distracted. I felt embarrassed and unsuccessful. In Nebraska I spoke one day to about 10,000 people in the free country, and the next night in whisky cursed Omaha to about 200 people."

The statement of Senator Peffer was quoted to Mr. Beaumont, and he was asked as to his views. Said he, "I endorse the statement unhesitatingly, the man who would deny it is incapable of unprejudiced judgment." Senator Peffer and Mr. Beaumont are leaders in the reform work. They will not be accused of Prohibition fanaticism. Does not their testimony emphasize the platform of Prohibition? "Prohibition is not a success," as a pre-essential to further reform."

BROWN AND HECTOR.

Two Prohibition Evangelists and the Work They Are Doing.

Jason Brown the son of John Brown the old Abolition reformer, is accompanying Rev. J. H. Hector on a Prohibition lecture tour. They have spent several weeks in the eastern states and have addressed large audiences. At several places there have been banquets and receptions in honor of Mr. Brown, who declares that the old feeling of the past is buried, and he heartily joins hand and heart with southern as well as northern men who oppose the slavery of the drink traffic.

At a recent lecture in Hartford, Conn., Mr. Hector said: "Some scientists tell us that the system demands whisky at times. Even reputable newspapers print advertisements which announce that pure whisky cures indigestion and dyspepsia. Good men and women who will assert that this is so, and I will show you a doctor who doesn't know enough to cure a man."

How the tears of wives and mothers will flow. Rivers of beer and rivers of tears, will deluge St. Louis while the contest goes on.

WHO PAYS FOR THE TRIP?

Barkeepers Striving for a European Trip at the People's Expense.

There is a grim horror about the St. Louis bartender contest now going on for the prize of an European tour, which the Liquor Dealers Association propose to give to the most popular bartender, such popularity to be determined by the greatest number of fifteen cent drinks sold, in a given time.

How those bartenders will work for custom! How they will entice into the cursed saloons the boys on the street, coaxing out of their pockets every possible fifteen cent. How the number of the drinking party will pile up in the saloon till while his home grows more and more bare of the comforts of life. How the hearts of St. Louis women in the elegant homes as well as in the humble ones will ache.

How the tears of wives and mothers will flow. Rivers of beer and rivers of tears, will deluge St. Louis while the contest goes on.

Generous Brewers.

St. John, ex-Governor of Kansas, and the rest of his gang, are down on James G. Blaine for preparing a pamphlet on the matter of trade with the Spanish American States. Well, what of it? Who contributes the most to the support of this country, the brewers or the tax-shirking Prohibitionists?—Northwestern Brewer's Gazette.

Noble brewers! They not only contribute millions of dollars, but when, a short time ago, it was proposed to take off the internal revenue tax on whisky, beer and tobacco, the unselfish patriots engaged in the manufacture of these articles sent lobbyists to Washington to prevent it! They love their country so they can't be happy unless allowed to pay enormous sums to the Treasury. And yet—such are the results of liberality they have grown very rich doing it.—Voice.

Another Method.

Topeka, Kan., has twelve ardent socialists all told, and this number is not likely to be increased unless the facilities for the importation of beer are greatly enlarged.—Chicago Tribune.

The Tribune has stumbled upon an important truth, namely, that the saloons are hotbeds of anarchy, while their absence conduces to thoughtful action on social questions.

Gutting Gales.

Ballots, with Prohibition enforced, are the modern appliances for the right and effective (that is, genuine) way to settle this whole question of the liquor traffic. Our determined and strong convictions, once focussed in our votes—and the work is done.

High License.

Bentive has the largest saloon license in the State of Nebraska. At a recent meeting of the city council the license was increased from \$500 to \$1,000 and the excise tax reduced from \$500 to \$200, making a total license of \$1,200.

Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago is pro-tem president of the National Association of Prohibitionists.

The American Medical Temperance Association has been organized.

Maine Goes Dry.

Liquor is shut out of Lewiston under the new Maine prohibitory law. The term of the city liquor agent expires in a few days, and a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen called to elect a successor resulted in a tie vote. The probability is that there will be no agent elected and the city will be dry this Summer.

An Elegant Line of NEW SPRING GOODS!

Korah Moire. Korah Moire, CHINN, ROSS & TODD.

A FAIR WARNING.

An English Duke Warns Against American Brewery Schemes.

The Duke of Marlborough, writing to the press in regard to British investments in American enterprises, strongly advises against selective brewery schemes.

He says:—"Breweries and stock yards and elevators are very thin things so long as you can get them managed by local American boards who have a strong share interest in them, but do not let us blind ourselves to the fact that you are really only buying gold with a four-walled factory and a lot of beer barrels. The real value of America is in real estate, and in real estate I include not only such property as Middleborough, but also all American railways in which you can hold an effective block of stock which will control the management. It is in the real estate of one form and another that future increased increment of value lies. Breweries will flourish, but coal regions and railways will remain. This is simply a common sense view of investment generally, and it seems strange that our English public do not see the advantage that is to be derived from joint enterprise with American companies managed and directed in New York, rather than in schemes that are run from London and where the water that gets into the financial scheme is quite obvious."

Take the capitalization of these breweries and other schemes that have been brought out in London. It is notorious in America that the English public is quite careless. Take the capitalization of these breweries and other schemes that have been brought out in London. It is notorious in America that the English public is quite careless.

BROWN AND HECTOR.

Two Prohibition Evangelists and the Work They Are Doing.

Jason Brown the son of John Brown the old Abolition reformer, is accompanying Rev. J. H. Hector on a Prohibition lecture tour. They have spent several weeks in the eastern states and have addressed large audiences. At several places there have been banquets and receptions in honor of Mr. Brown, who declares that the old feeling of the past is buried, and he heartily joins hand and heart with southern as well as northern men who oppose the slavery of the drink traffic.

At a recent lecture in Hartford, Conn., Mr. Hector said: "Some scientists tell us that the system demands whisky at times. Even reputable newspapers print advertisements which announce that pure whisky cures indigestion and dyspepsia. Good men and women who will assert that this is so, and I will show you a doctor who doesn't know enough to cure a man."

How the tears of wives and mothers will flow. Rivers of beer and rivers of tears, will deluge St. Louis while the contest goes on.

How the tears of wives and mothers will flow. Rivers of beer and rivers of tears, will deluge St. Louis while the contest goes on.

Generous Brewers.

St. John, ex-Governor of Kansas, and the rest of his gang, are down on James G. Blaine for preparing a pamphlet on the matter of trade with the Spanish American States. Well, what of it? Who contributes the most to the support of this country, the brewers or the tax-shirking Prohibitionists?—Northwestern Brewer's Gazette.

Noble brewers! They not only contribute millions of dollars, but when, a short time ago, it was proposed to take off the internal revenue tax on whisky, beer and tobacco, the unselfish patriots engaged in the manufacture of these articles sent lobbyists to Washington to prevent it! They love their country so they can't be happy unless allowed to pay enormous sums to the Treasury. And yet—such are the results of liberality they have grown very rich doing it.—Voice.

Another Method.

Topeka, Kan., has twelve ardent socialists all told, and this number is not likely to be increased unless the facilities for the importation of beer are greatly enlarged.—Chicago Tribune.

The Tribune has stumbled upon an important truth, namely, that the saloons are hotbeds of anarchy, while their absence conduces to thoughtful action on social questions.

Gutting Gales.

Ballots, with Prohibition enforced, are the modern appliances for the right and effective (that is, genuine) way to settle this whole question of the liquor traffic. Our determined and strong convictions, once focussed in our votes—and the work is done.

High License.

Bentive has the largest saloon license in the State of Nebraska. At a recent meeting of the city council the license was increased from \$500 to \$1,000 and the excise tax reduced from \$500 to \$200, making a total license of \$1,200.

Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago is pro-tem president of the National Association of Prohibitionists.

The American Medical Temperance Association has been organized.

Maine Goes Dry.

Liquor is shut out of Lewiston under the new Maine prohibitory law. The term of the city liquor agent expires in a few days, and a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen called to elect a successor resulted in a tie vote. The probability is that there will be no agent elected and the city will be dry this Summer.

VICTOR BOGAERT, REPAIRING AND Manufacturer of Jewelry, 15 East Short Street LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

HIRAM SHAW, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in—Hats, Caps, Fancy Furs.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISH